

In Memoriam.

M.A.B.



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Mrs Barclay

In Memoriam.

Poems and Verses by M. A. B.

♦

Mrs. Robert Barclay,

(née Mary Anne Roton.

Born 21st February, 1837.

Died 1st December, 1902.

♦



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4057
B 801



THE POEMS contained in this little Memorial Volume are arranged more or less in the order in which they were written, the dates, where given, indicating the period of life at which they were produced.

To understand the references to scenery and other surroundings which they contain it is well to mention that my wife was born in Oldham. When she was about five years of age (1842) her family removed to Deanston, near Doune, Perthshire, Scotland, and resided there till early in 1853, when they returned to Oldham.

From the village of Deanston there is a lovely view of Ben Ledi, Uam Var, Ben Vorlich, and other hills of the Callander district, while the Vale of Monteith, in which Deanston is situated, is perhaps one of the most beautiful places in Scotland.

The poems show fully the deep impressions which these scenes made upon her youthful mind, and how they helped to develop her early Muse.

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We were married in September, 1862, and sailed for Buenos Ayres in February, 1863. After being there between two and three years, we came to England for a visit in 1866, returning to Buenos Ayres in February, 1868, and remaining there till 1873, when we again returned to England, settling in Manchester in 1874.

Our eldest boy, Teddy, died in Buenos Ayres on April 10th, 1868, when he was two and a half years old. His baby brother, Tom, was born in January, 1869, and died in August of the same year.

These particulars are given in view of references in the poems to places and events.

It will be seen that most of the pieces were produced in early life. Those written later were usually drawn forth as the expression of deep feeling, produced by events in the family life, or in connection with that of friends. Latterly she wrote very little verse, perhaps because she felt herself so fully occupied with the active duties of life, and with the increasing correspondence which she had to maintain. Those who received her letters know how powerfully she could write, and how much of the spirit of poetry there often was in her prose.

Of her character—so bright and cheery, so thoughtful for others, so sympathetic with joy and sorrow—I need not write, as this Memorial Volume is only intended for those who knew her and loved her.

She never was brighter than during the months which preceded the time she was taken ill, and everyone who then saw her felt the spell of her kindness and sympathy.

She nobly filled her place in life, and, now that she has been taken from us, we bow with submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

Some years ago, when writing to her sister about a relative who was grieving unduly over the death of her parents, she said—

I hope our children may feel, when we have to leave them, that God is over all yet—over them and over us—that hope, and love, and life extend beyond the sleep of death.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast ;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best ;
Good night.

Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpassed,
Good night.

Only "Good night !" beloved, not "Farewell !"
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.
Good night.

—*Sarah Doudney.*

SEDGLEY NEW HALL, MANCHESTER,
April, 1903.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

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An Anthem.



WE heights Jehovah praise,
Ye birds your voices raise,
And let your little throats
Warble their sweetest notes.

Ye stars that shed your light
Upon our earth by night,
Break forth in joyous lays
To your Creator's praise.

Ye lightnings round me dart ;
Oceans take up your part ;
Ye boisterous winds awake,
Part in the Anthem take.

Ye thunders praises speak
From every mountain peak ;
Ye nations now unite,
With Nature praise God's might

Written when 12 years of age.

Deanston,
1849.

The Fall of the Fir Tree.

WOODMAN, why didst thou cut it down ?

It was our favourite tree.

We've rested on its hanging boughs

As on a mother's knee.

When winter storms assailed the birds,

And snow fell thick and fast,

They always flew to our fir tree

For shelter from the blast.

We shall not mourn alone, for they

Will miss the fir tree, too ;

When storms arise they'll seek in vain

The spot where once it grew.

E'en now they pause, as if 'twere strange

To pass on in their flight

Without descending there to rest

And nestle for the night.

O, woodman, hadst thou known our tree

Had such a wondrous charm,

Thine heart would have relented ere

The axe had done it harm !

As with a tearful eye the gift

From parting friends we take,

I've plucked a tiny branch, to keep

And treasure for its sake.

Deanston, near Stirling,

1850.

“In My Father’s House are Many Mansions.”



STRETCHED on the bed of death there lay
A fair but wasted form ;
It was Eliza, who had just
Begun her life’s young morn.

As when the tender floweret fades
Beneath the sun’s hot rays,
And dies when it has decked the earth
But for a few short days ;

E’en so her parents sadly mark’d
Their lov’d one fast decay ;
Thro’ weary days and wearier nights
They watched her fade away.

And now they stood, o’ercome with grief,
Beside their dying child ;
Her eyes seemed full of heavenly light—
She looked around and smil’d.

Her sister bent with list’ning ear
O’er fair Eliza’s bed ;
Like sweetest music came the words—
The last faint words she said.

While o'er her vision seem'd to steal
Some strange yet pleasant sight—
“O, Mary, in my Father's house
Are many mansions bright !”

The spirit fled—but where ? O not
To death's eternal night.
She lives !—has reached th' Eternal Home,
Her Father's mansions bright.

Deanston,
May 15th, 1851.

Hymn.



OUR God is nigh at hand,
Though in a stranger's land ;
All other friends may die,
He will be ever nigh.

In sickness and in health,
In poverty or wealth,
He still does condescend
To be our gracious Friend.

E'en though we may rebel
More times than tongue can tell,
If we God's mercy seek
His voice shall pardon speak.

Then let us love our King,
And strive His praise to sing,
Till we in nobler strains
Shall praise Him where He reigns.

Deanston,

May, 1851.

A Prayer.



MY Father, while o'er earth I stray,
O keep me in the narrow way,
And let no snares of cunning art
Entice me from it to depart.

Be Thou the Guide of all my youth,
And may I say, like faithful Ruth,
That "Thy beloved shall be mine,
And I will be for ever Thine."

August 15th, 1851.

The Harvest Moon.

♦

THAIL ! Queen of Night, I see thee now,
Peeping above the mountain's brow,
To see that all the way is clear,
And ask if thou art welcome here.
Right glad we are to see thee come
And pace again the vaulted dome ;
Advance thee on thy shining way,
Thou sweet successor of the day.
I love to see thy peaceful face
Smiling upon my dwelling-place ;
And now that I have seen thee rise,
Bright harvest moon, I'd close my eyes,
And seek repose from care as free
As thou, fair queen, dost seem to be.

Dunoon,

September 16th, 1851,

The Prophetic Dewdrops.



A LITTLE child was sad one day,
Because the dew had dried away ;
A rainbow came—the Father said,
“ Behold the dew shines overhead ! ”

He knew not that he prophesied,
For soon the child fell sick and died ;
In heaven he lives, all glorious now,
A golden crown upon his brow.

Deanston,

1851.

An Angry Word.



SPEAK not an angry word ;
Thou knowest not how much
A tender heart may be
Injured and grieved by such.

Unto an angry word,
Spoken in thoughtless haste,
How oft may blighted youth
And faded cheeks be traced.

Yes, through an angry word
Thou mayst for ever rend
The ties of early love,
Or lose a precious friend.

Speak not an angry word,
For, like a poisoned dart,
'Twill wing its speedy flight,
And pierce the bleeding heart.

Deanston,
October 18th, 1851,

The First Grey Lock.

•
⓪ WHAT is this ! A lock of hair
Grey spangled o'er with white ;
'Tis beautiful, but to thy child
A most unwelcome sight.

It tells me that old age will claim
Companionship with thee ;
For he has laid his hand upon
The silvery lock, I see.

Father, thy hair was once all black !
Then why is this so fair ?
Perhaps, indeed, 'twas bleach'd for me,
Through thy paternal care.

I would not have one hair of thine
Grow white through grief for me ;
O, rather be it mine to prove
A hope and joy to thee !

Much hast thou borne, yet bravely fought,
Through life's tumultuous strife ;
Now, age steals on and whispereth thee
Of a coming better life.

There's glory in the sunset hour,
There's calm at close of day ;
'Tis well—and yet my tears begem
This lock of silver grey.

Deanston,
November, 1851.

My Mother.



THO' I have roved o'er lofty hills,
And through the lowly vale,
In mansions and in cottages,
Among them all I fail

To find a Mother who to me
Seems gentle as mine own,
Or so well fitted to adorn
My little village home.

My Mother's smiles are like the sun,
So strong their cheering powers ;
Her loving words are like the dews
Upon the thirsty flowers.

When sickness comes I seek to lean
Upon my Mother's breast,
E'en as the weary dove returned
To Noah's ark for rest.

Methinks where'er o'er earth I rove
I ne'er shall find another
So truly patient, good, and kind
As she, my own dear Mother

Deanston,

December, 1851.

What are Tears?



WHAT are tears ? They are rain which the clouds
of affliction

Distil on the earth ;

They are tributes we pay to the mem'ry
Of friendship and worth.

What are tears ? They are streamlets which flow
from the bosom

Too full of its grief ;

They are blessings—to hearts full of gladness
A welcome relief.

What are tears ? They are pearls which the spirit
of pity

Delighteth to shed ;

They are gems, in whose radiant lustre
Affection is read.

What are tears ? They are signs of the sinner's
repentance

For ills that are done ;

They are tokens of grateful thanksgiving
When pardon is won.

Deanston,

March 24th, 1852.

My Father's Birthday.

THIS is my father's birthday—

O blessed time !

Fit subject for my youthful muse
And artless rhyme.

This is my father's birthday—

The woody dell

Throws on its brightest robe of green
To deck it well.

This is my father's birthday—

A time for mirth !

Ne'er did a kinder father tread
This budding earth.

This is my father's birthday—

I will rejoice,

For soon I hope to hear again
His manly voice,

And see his well-known features ;

It seems so long

Since last we all together sang
Our evening song.

This is my father's birthday—

A day in spring ;

A kiss and fragrant flowers shall be
My offering.

Deanston,

March 24th, 1852.

Twilight.



THE sun is setting in the west,
On royal couch he sinks to rest
With shining crown of gold;
Whilst in the lovely vale below
The waters bright as silver grow,
Too dazzling to behold.

Nature is silent, save the breeze
Which roves among the forest trees
In whisp'ring, wand'ring mood;
The river softly rolls along,
And warblers pour their vesper song
From verdant hill and wood.

Deanston,

September 18th, 1852.

Deanston.



IN childhood's days I used to dream
Of castles built with gold,
And hidden mines of sparkling wealth,
Whose depth had ne'er been told.

And then I thought if these were mine
I'd wave wealth's magic wand,
And speedily my mansion fair
Should deck this wondrous land.

A childish fancy ! Yet methinks
If Britain's nobles knew
This spot of beauty they would dream,
And make their visions true.

To a Murmuring Heart.



THINK not that to thy share doth fall
More ill than is the lot of all ;
Tho' thou may'st often look around,
And think that many thou hast found
Who have no care to mar their joy,
No grief their pleasure to destroy,
Who seem the gayest of the gay,
Without a cloud to cross their way,
Be sure that these have cares unknown—
They, too, can weep when all alone.
Recount thy many blessings o'er,
And thou wilt find that they are more
Than all thy cares. Then turn, O turn
Thy murmuring thoughts away, and learn
To think that to thy share doth fall
More *good* than is the lot of all.

November, 1852,

Affliction.



IT is well that cheering sunbeams
Fall upon the beauteous flowers ;
But they wither soon and perish
If denied the dew and showers.

Even so tis with our spirits,
Let us prize each sunny spot,
But that troubles bring us blessings
Never be by us forgot.

My Favourite Flower.

♦
ADIEU ! Adieu ! my favourite flower,
Too soon shall come the fatal hour
When some rude hand
Shall pluck thee from the little spot
I long have called " My garden plot,"
And tulips grand

Or something rare shall then be placed
Where thou my speck of land hast graced
For many a year ;
And eyes that soon shall glance at thee
Will not behold the charms I see,
Who loved to rear

The leaves thou carelessly would'st fling
Upon the ground, around a ring ;
It seemed to me
That thou wert fit to be a sign
Of that great victor over Time—
Eternity.

My beauteous flower, we will not part,
For thou hast twined around my heart
Sweet memories dear.
Where'er I go thou too shalt go ;
I'll fetch my spade ; then cease to flow,
Thou bitter tear !

Deanston, January, 1853.

Written when leaving Deanston.

Farewell to the Vale of Monteith.

♦
FAREWELL ! farewell ! thou peaceful vale,
A long farewell to thee ;
Soon, soon shall many a hill and plain
Divide 'tween thee and me.

Farewell, ye Deanston villagers,
Each one a trusty friend ;
Well now I know the love and truth
That in your friendship blend.

If tears at parting, bitter tears,
The strength of friendship tell,
Then mine are eloquent, and they
Must speak my sad farewell.

Farewell (how can I say farewell
To thee ?) my own dear home ;
Our poets say 'tis home where'er
Fond hearts together roam.

'Tis true ; yet 'twill be long ere those
New walls where I must dwell
Will lose their strangeness, or their nooks
Be known and loved so well.

Farewell, Ben Ledi, stately queen,
No more I'll climb thy brow,
Or see thee and thy lofty train
Attired in virgin snow.

Farewell, thou smoothly-flowing Teith,
I never more shall stray
Upon thy banks to pluck their flowers,
Or watch thy sparkling spray.

Farewell, ye haunts of childhood's days—
Forest, and field, and glen ;
Your verdant soil shall never feel
My bounding foot again.

Each friend I meet, each mountain top,
Each stream, and moor, and dell,
All seem to echo back my words—
Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

Deanston,
January 27th, 1853.

Gifts from the Poor.



GIFTS from the humble poor ! Ah, who
Can tell how great their love, how true,
Who all their few spare moments take
To work for some beloved one's sake !

Gifts from the humble poor ! More dear
Than any king or noble peer
Could buy with all his stores of gold,
For, ah ! their worth can ne'er be told.

Gifts from the humble poor ! The plate
Presented by the rich and great
Is not more precious than the small
Dear gifts spared from their little all.

Deanston,
January, 1853,

Many of the cottagers brought little presents to us when we left
Deanston,

We Are Changing.

•

WE are changing. O'er our spirits
Steals a deep and earnest thought,
One that years and changes passing
In their onward course have brought.

'Tis that earth is not so lasting,
Not so bright as once we deem'd ;
And our lives are not so during,
As in bygone years we dream'd.

Heads are growing grey around us,
Tott'ring feet are near the grave,
Cheeks are paling, frames are wasting,
Where no human hand can save.

Changes oft bring with them sorrows,
But O let us from them learn
That on earth there is no resting,
We must to our God return.

Ere we find a bidding city,
One where turmoils all are o'er,
Where have love and peace dominion,
And shall reign for evermore.

There is such a holy dwelling,
One where sorrows never come ;
Let us seek that place of refuge,
That eternal, changeless home.

1853.

The Daisy.



(Written for a child.)

A LITTLE girl went out one day
To ramble and to play ;
She took a basket in her hand,
To gather flowerets gay.

The glorious clouds around the sun
Were floating down the sky
Before she thought of how the hours
Had passed so quickly by.

Then, turning to her group of friends,
And looking at the flowers,
She said, " Come, let us choose from these
Which pattern shall be ours."

Each chose according to her taste ;
And when the lovely child
Who planned it all was told to choose,
She chose the daisy wild.

Some smiled, and others turned away
With many a scornful jest ;
But one, more thoughtful, asked her why
She thought the daisy best.

“ I’d be a daisy,” said the child,
“ Because it looketh up,
And seems so meek and grateful, too,
When full of dew its cup.”

True to her pattern did she live,
Fixing her eye on heaven,
Until to her the promis’d land
And palm and crown were given.

I weep for her, but all the while
Hope lights my tear-dimm’d eye,
For daisies bloom upon her grave,
And point me to the sky.

Paraphrase.



Hab. iii., 17 and 18.

THOUGH famine through the wasted land
Shall march with silent tread,
And leave behind it stricken homes
To mourn their famished dead ;

Though earth forget her fruitfulness,
And barren be the plain ;
Though blight shall nip the tender herb,
And check the rising grain ;

Though there shall be no bleating flocks
Nor herd within the stall,
Yet even *then* will I rejoice
In God, my all in all.

1853.

My Childhood's Home.

MY childhood's home was beautiful,
Most beautiful to me ;

O that I could with yonder sun
Again its beauties see !

That which I call my childhood's home
Was formed by mountain walls,
High heaven its dome, the stars its lamps,
The fields its spacious halls.

O how I lov'd that beauteous spot,
Thus formed by Nature's hand !
It seemed to me that earth had none
More beautiful and grand.

But, ah ! those years of childhood fled—
Fled to the dreamy past,
And as a fearful cloud it came—
The parting—came at last !

That parting ! O it seem'd as though
Across my wounded heart
A thunder-cloud had burst, and I
Had felt the lightning's dart.

The storm has pass'd. Again the world
Is beautiful and fair,
Though 'tis as if some fairy land
Had vanished into air.

I'll love my home where'er my feet
With wandering steps may roam,
But never, never can forget
My early childhood's home.

December 1st, 1853.

Alice Garfite.



ALICE, dear Alice, art thou gone ?
I scarce can deem it true
That thine appointed years on earth
Are o'er—so short, so few !

The memory of thy little form
Within that vacant chair,
Thy sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks,
Thy silky, golden hair.

Thy thoughtful words, thy radiant smile,
These recollections seem,
Like some bright vision of the night,
A sweet but fading dream.

Hymn.



GREAT Spirit, enter Thou
This longing heart of mine ;
Make it a temple fit
To be Thy shrine.

O Thou, the Truth, the Way,
Guide all my steps aright,
That I may walk alway
As in Thy sight.

Thou only art the Life,
O breathe upon my soul !
Thou great Physician, come
And make me whole !

Great Light, break through the clouds,
Illumine the darksome night,
O let me see Thee now,
Of lights the glorious Light.

Sunlight.



Ⓢ THE glorious, golden sunlight !
See how joyously it gleams,
Whilst its radiant, dazzling glory
Child of joy and beauty seems.

Bright it smiles within the palace,
Gilding many an ancient hall ;
Yet as gladly do we see it
On the lowliest cottage fall.

O the glorious, golden sunlight,
Making heaven and earth seem glad !
Let us seek to imitate it,
Cheer the sorrowing ones and sad.

O be this our blessed mission,
Cheering those who've fallen low,
Stretching hands of love and mercy
To the homes of want and woe.

1854.

The Recovery.

3 LAY in Death's dark shadow—
Lay calm and still,
In solemn silence pond'ring
My Maker's will.

My thoughts had been tumultuous—
A stormy sea ;
But Christ had still'd the tempest—
Had come to me.

And now I knew that whether
'Twere life or death,
'Twould all be His ordaining
Who gave me breath.

Then in my heart up-springing,
A well of joy,
Arose the thought that never
Would He destroy.

And so I lay and pondered,
All calm and still,
Lay calmly waiting—waiting
My Maker's will.

Soon came the voice of mercy,
“ Arise ! Arise ! ”
Then walked I forth in gladness
Beneath the skies.

And health came bounding toward me,
A joyous thing;
Around—above—within me
'Twas spring ! 'twas spring !

How exquisite the perfume
From flowery dells ;
How green the mosses growing
Beside old wells !

What rainbow tints bedecking
The flower-gemm'd earth !
What pleasant sounds of laughter,
And childhood's mirth !

How sweetly sang the linnet
Upon the tree !
O was it sweet to others
As 'twas to me ?

How beautiful the falling
Of light and shade !
How strange the twilight creeping
O'er hill and glade !

O, friends in joy or sorrow,
What beauteous things
Are round about—what music
From million strings !

If thou wouldst prize existence,
Wouldst know its worth,
Lie down awhile in darkness,
Shut out from mirth.

Oldham,
1854.

Alderley.



HAIL, Alderley ! more beautiful
Than all thy wide-spread fame
Hath blazoned thee. Hail, Alderley !
I love to speak thy name.

Go ye whose breaking hearts can find
No sympathy from men;
Seek comfort in the peaceful thoughts
Which breathe from hill and glen.

Go ye whose hearts o'erflow with joy
To Alderley away,
Sing with its birds, and on its hills
'Mid its bright scenes be gay.

Oldham,
1854.

LET Pleasure's gates be open'd wide,
Go follow thou the living tide,
With stores of knowledge fill thy mind,
In thee be joy and power combined.
Secure thyself a life of health,
Collect around thee stores of wealth ;
Then look around, survey the whole,
And say, " What will it gain thy soul ? "

January, 1854.

Sorrow.



WHERE beats the heart, however gay,
O'er which no sorrow holds its sway ?
Where shines the eye, however bright,
In which no tears e'er met the light ?
Methinks we all are like the flowers,
Have sunshine mix'd with clouds and showers ;
O that we all could learn as they,
When clouds and storms have passed away,
To dry our tears, look up, and smile
In gratitude for sun awhile

April, 1854.

Lines on the Death of Miss Hutchinson

(Sister of J. Hutchinson, M.P. for Halifax).



ANOTHER star has pass'd away
Into the light of heaven !
Another spirit found the land
Unto the ransom'd given !

But O 'tis sad when beauteous flowers
Are springing round our feet.
And rising up to meet the sun,
New life and joy to greet !

'Tis very sad to look in vain
For her, the petted one ;
To seek the brightest flower of all,
And find it faded—gone !

Yet, look above—above ! Bright Hope
Is ever pointing there ;
Earth's flowers are bright, but think ye not
High heaven's are yet more fair ?

The missing flower hath bloomed again,
On her hath dawned a spring
More glorious far than to our earth
The coming years shall bring.

April, 1854,

Fountains Abbey.



BENEATH these mighty arches

How oft the fervent prayer
Hath startled silent echoes,
And stirr'd the midnight air !

All still and cold and mould'ring
Now lie the noble dead,
Who once in bygone ages
Walked o'er the floors I tread.

Now all is calm and silent,
The monks have passed away,
While thou art left, old Abbey,
Memorial of their day.

Upon thy ruins shineth
The glorious gospel light,
The light that chas'd the darkness
Of superstition's night.

No more by lives of penance
We seek th' Almighty's love ;
But plead the death of Jesus,
Who ever lives above.

Old Abbey, I must leave thee,
It may be never more
To gaze upon thy glory ;
But, in my memory's store,
I'll treasure up the picture
That fancy forms of thee,
And often looking inward
Again thy beauty see.

Harrogate,
October, 1855.

To A Sleeping Infant.

(Mrs. Toulson's.)



CHILD with cherub beauty bright,
Laughing, playing, day and night,
Resting on thy mother's breast,
Like a larkling in its nest.

Monarch of unbending will,
Ruling with supremest skill,
Teaching all thy sway to own
From the lap, thy regal throne.

Angels guard thine infant head,
Round thy form their wings are spread ;
Surely 'tis their light divine
Makes thy face so brightly shine.

Pure and guileless is thy breast,
Where no sinful thought hath rest.
Let me draw with reverence nigh ;
Thou art holier than I.

Oldham,

November, 1855.

Scotland.



⓪ FOR the mountain land,
Where the years of childhood passed,
Where wanders the mountain stream,
And echoes the mountain blast !

O for the rippling lochs
Embosom'd among the hills,
Where the silent grandeur round
The innermost spirit stills.

O wearily I gaze
On the buildings dark and high,
And think of a far-off land,
And long for a far-off sky.

My soul is thirsty still,
And it panteth even now,
For the beauty I have felt,
And seen from the mountain's brow.

O not in the busy town,
Or the noisy, crowded street,
Are the scenes I love to view,
Or the sounds I love to greet.

Down on the ocean shore
 There is music sad and deep ;
Up on the mountains high
 Do the wild winds fiercely sweep.

I love the bursting swell
 Of nature's grandest tones ;
I love the Highland scenes
 Where beauty rears her thrones.

1855.

Forsake Me Not.



FORSAKE me not, O God,
Thy help I ever need ;
Without it soon should fall
A bruised and broken reed.

Forsake me not—I cling
Yet closer unto Thee ;
Around life's billows toss
A wild, tumultuous sea.

Forsake me not when clouds
And storms and tempests come ;
Be Thou my light and guide
Unto my heavenly home.

Forsake me not when friends,
True, loving friends, depart
Unto their last long home ;
Then strengthen Thou my heart.

Forsake me not, O God,
When in the darksome vale
Of Death I tread—even then
Let not my spirit fail.

Thou wilt not, canst not leave
Thy wand'ring child alone ;
I hear Thee at my side—
Thou callest me Thine own.

Henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
Thee for my Saviour take,
Assured Thou never wilt
Thy helpless child forsake.

1855,

Lord, What is Man?



LORD, what is man—poor fallen man—
That Thou shouldst care for him ?
Thou—worshipp'd by angelic throngs,
Adored by cherubim.

We live, and think, and breathe by Thee ;
Our all is in Thine hand—
Our hearts, our lives, our friends, our homes,
And this, our peaceful land.

Yet more than all—the breathing soul
That raises man so high
Above the things that perish—this,
Which will not, cannot die.

This, Lord, is Thy most wondrous work,
Which cannot know decay,
Though heaven and earth and all therein
Shall surely pass away.

O God, how fearfully hast Thou
In wisdom made us all ;
A wonder to ourselves are we
Who at Thy footstool fall.

1855.

Lines to My Dying Friend, Marion.



THEY tell me, Marion, thou wilt die,
Thy form still wastes away,
And human skill hath now no power
The hand of death to stay.

The spring hath come, with birds of song,
And scattered earth with flowers ;
But *thou* wilt walk no more abroad,
To spend its sunny hours.

It may be thou wilt live to see
The bud become a leaf ;
Or, ere it opens, thou mayst die,
And fill our hearts with grief.

They tell me, Marion, thou wilt die,
For this my heart is sad ;
But O, my friend, thou'rt going home,
For this my heart is glad.

Thou'rt ready, let the Bridegroom come,
Thy lamp is burning bright ;
O what is death, when all the vale
Is filled with heavenly light !

Thy home, thy glorious home, appears
Before thy ravish'd sight,
And God thy Father waiting stands
With hosts of angels bright.

Farewell, dear friend ! 'Tis not for long,
We soon shall meet again,
Where death and sorrow enter not,
And there is no more pain.

May, 1855:

This Life.

THIS life is a solemn thing—
We trifle away our breath,
Forgetting that time will end
In eternal life or death.

This life is a precious thing—
We lavish the priceless boon,
Yet know that the end will come
Perhaps too soon—too soon !

This life is an earnest thing—
There is work that must be done ;
In the fleeting hours of life
There's a Christian race to run.

1855.

Wild White Roses.

WILD roses, white roses, how beauteous are ye,
The children of Nature, all gladsome and free ;
How humble, yet conscious of beauty ye seem,
As sweetly ye smile to the summer sun's beam.

Wild roses, white roses, O why do ye grow
Where few of the joy of your presence may know ?
Methinks ye are telling of works of my God
In wilds where no foot of man ever hath trod.

Wild roses, white roses, how sweet the perfume
Ye lavishly cast on the zephyrs of June !
Ye give what ye have with a liberal hand,
And scatter it wide o'er the breadth of the land.

Wild roses, white roses, unblemished and pure,
Unsullied the dust of the wayside endure ;
O that from all sin and pollution as free
We now in this world of dark doings might be.

July, 1856.

The Halifax Jubilee.

WHENCE that mighty burst of song,
Rolling in a flood along,
Sinking, swelling like a sea
Of unbroken harmony ?

Children's lips in lowly lays
Join in angels' songs of praise ;
So delightful is the sound,
Seraphs must be gath'ring round.

Thousand voices mingle there,
Filling all the balmy air ;
Sweet accepted sacrifice,
Offered 'neath the list'ning skies.

Saviour, fold these tender lambs
In Thine arms of boundless love,
Lead them through Thy pastures green
To Thy happy fold above.

Auld Hugh, "The Post Boy."

•
AULD HUGH, "The Post Boy"—weel I mind
His aged, wrinkled face ;
My fancy's pencil even noo
Ilk furrow there can trace.

That wee auld wrinkled man had charge
O' news baith great and sma' ;
He took it tae the lowly cot,
As weel as tae The Ha'.

It was a village whaur he lived—
A bonnie village, tae ;
And doon the road tae meet the post
He aye went every day.

The villagers a' kent him fine,
An', passing, kindly spoke ;
Or whiles they stopt him on his way
Tae pass a pleasant joke.

But 'tis wi' men as wi' the leaves,
When they are auld an' sere,
They fade an' fa', while in their stead
New leaflets soon appear.

Auld Hugh, alas ! is dead an' gone,
Another fills his place,
And at his wonted hour there comes
A younger step an' face.

He wasna rich, he wasna great,
But liked by a' he knew,
An' mony a one will drop a tear
Upon the grave o' Hugh.

September, 1856.

Lines to My Brother William.

On His Return from France, Xmas, 1855.



WELCOME back, my brother dear,
Welcome to our Christmas cheer ;
O, we'll have a merry time,
And I'll weave my artless rhyme
To hail thee welcome back !

Welcome to the joys of home ;
Thou hast longed from it to roam,
Foreign lands and scenes to view,
Yet to thine own thy heart is true—
Then welcome, welcome back !

Welcome to our ain fireside,
Where happiness and love abide ;
We'll gather round the cheerful hearth,
And, feeling all its priceless worth,
We'll hail thee welcome back !

WHENE'ER thine heart o'erflows with love
Of any earthly thing,
Remember, though unseen by thee,
It bears a folded wing.
That wing may spread, thy treasure fly—
No solace nigh.

February, 1856.

To My Father, on His 50th Birthday.



MY father, thou art changed indeed
Since first I knew thy face,
For then no wrinkles mark'd the cheek
Where furrows now I trace.

Care had not trod upon thy brow,
And left his footsteps there ;
Time had not dared put forth his hand
To bleach thy raven hair.

Ah, then no dimness darken'd long
The brightness of the eye
On which the twilight shadows fall
Of manhood's evening sky.

Now fifty years have passed away
Since life with thee began ;
But fifty years, yet thou art now
A grey-haired, time-worn man !

How few are left who loved to cheer
Thy childhood's sunny years ;
Thine early friends have left a world
Of changing smiles and tears.

Thus have I seen the green leaf bud
Amid a thousand more,
And left alone when autumn winds
Its frail companions tore.

Long may thy useful life be spar'd
And brighten'd by our love,
Until thy Father calls thee hence
Unto His Home above.

Deanston,
March, 1856,

Lines

On parting with Miss E. Buckley, of Llanelly, Wales.



FAREWELL, farewell, Eliza dear !

O, gladly would I linger here ;
Though duty calls my steps away,
With feet reluctant I obey.

O, there is much of beauty here,
Far, far away and very near ;
That glowing sky, these flowers, yon sea,
And *thou* art beautiful to me.

Nay, blush not, though thy brow is fair,
And o'er it waves thy flowing hair ;
Though thine are eyes of clearest blue,
And mocks thy cheek the rose's hue.

'Tis not for these I prize thee most—
Short-lived is beauty's transient boast—
It is thy warm and generous heart
That makes me grieve from thee to part.

Thy loving gaze is on me now,
Thy tender kiss upon my brow,
A friendly hand is grasping mine,
And one as warm is clasping thine.

Farewell, again farewell, my friend !
My onward way I now must wend ;
Yet when I'm far away 'twill be
A constant joy to think of thee.

Llanelly,
July, 1857.

Lines

On the Sudden Death of James Platt, Esq., M.P., who
was Accidentally Shot at Ashway-gap, Greenfield.



SAW ye the glorious star
That high in heaven shone ?
Looked ye again, and found
Its glory faded—gone ?

Lov'd ye the noble tree
That spread its branches round ?
Heard ye the sudden stroke
That fell'd it to the ground ?

Gaz'd ye upon the sun,
Array'd in noontide light ?
Mark'd ye the dark eclipse
That shrouded it in night ?

Mourn, O mourn !
For the good man is dead,
And a city's tears are shed
Upon his silent urn.
Muffle the old church bells,
For the people's great heart swells
With grief—he'll ne'er return.

Toll ye, toll!

The voices of the tower
Do borrow mystic power
From the departed soul.

Toll on, toll

For him whose honoured name
And blessed works remain
Now he has reached his goal.

Lines

On seeing Mrs. Buckley's (my Grandmother's) Remains.
Died aged 82 years.

⓪ LAY aside the covering,
And let me see the face
So sweet, though years of suffering
Have left full many a trace.

Once more I'd look upon it
With tearful, earnest gaze,
That memory long may cherish
The lov'd of other days.

While yet the faint flush lingers
Upon that aged cheek,
And still the lips are parted,
As if they fain would speak.

Ere rigid grow the features,
And cold the thin, worn hand ;
Ere fades the smile that greeted
The voice of Death's command.

The hair, still dark, is parted
Above the polished brow,
Where dying peace hath smoothen'd
The time-worn furrows now.

Sleep on, thou weary slumberer !
O sweet is thy repose ;
Calm as the hush of evening
Thy long life journey's close.

Oldham, October 1st, 1857.

Hope.



I saw an aged man stand up to preach the Word of God. His voice trembled with deep emotion as he said : " This life now appears to me in quite a different aspect from that in which I saw it in the days of my youth ; earthly things are fading from my view, and Eternity is near—I seem to stand upon its very threshold ; but I have a hope beyond the grave." Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, " Oh, a blessed thing is Hope ! "

" **A** BLESSED thing is Hope,"
An ever-beaming star,
That mid the dreariest night
Shines on us from afar.

In childhood and in youth
" Hope's fairy visions " rise,
Bedecking earth with flowers
Of rainbow-tinted dyes.

In manhood and in age
Her ever-cheering smile
The weary mind can charm,
And careworn heart beguile.

When spirits on the brink
Of Jordan's waters stand,
Happy are they to whom
Hope points the better land.

Come, bird of fluttering wing,
And nestle in my breast,
Still warble rapturous songs
Of yon eternal rest.

November, 1857,

Yes, Buy a Grave.

Written on hearing my father express an intention
of buying a grave in the Chadderton Cemetery.



YES, buy a grave—for we must die ;
Then side by side O let us lie ;
Around one hearth we all have played,
Still near in death let us be laid.

Yes, buy a grave—we may not long
Stay mingling with Earth's busy throng ;
New faces come, old faces go,
Like ocean's tide in ebb and flow.

Ah, who will be the first to break
The cord of life, in each so weak,
Tho' seeming strong ? We may not save
Our best belov'd ones from the grave.

But grant, O God of death and life,
That from it children, husband, wife,
A band unbroken, still may rise,
To yon bright world above the skies.

Ah, never more in that bright land
Shall Death unclasp each friendly hand ;
For ever hushed shall be the cry—
O, buy a grave, for we must die !

She has Faded Away.

SHE has faded away—the fair, the gay,
The beautiful, and the young ;
For her is my heart, in its bursting grief,
Like a harp that is all unstrung.

She has faded away who trod with us
In the cloudless paths of youth,
And gone for ever, like some bright dream,
Are her smiles and her words of truth.

She has faded away, O never more
To tread o'er the bright green earth !
Never again in the Christmas feast
To join with her genial mirth.

She has faded away, her sun hath set
Ere its noontide light was shed ;
How sad for a face and form so fair
To lie with the silent dead !

She has faded away as fades the cloud
In the glow of the summer light ;
She has come and gone like a sparkling star
That takes through the heavens its flight.

Long may ye look for her loving glance,
And wait for her step in vain ;
Ye need not watch for the meteor's ray
To brighten your path again.

She has faded away—O, tell me not
There are others to fill her place ;
New features can never have half the charm
Of that old familiar face.

November, 1857.

Toil On.

Lines addressed to Rev. J. Donald, an eminently
zealous and successful preacher of the Gospel.

•
TOIL on, thou man of God, toil on !
O faint not in the way ;
God help thee still with mighty power
To warn, and teach, and pray.

The holiest work on earth is thine ;
Thy mission, O how high !
To speak of life eternal won
For those once doomed to die.


Still strive to rouse the slumb'ring soul
To see its danger nigh,
And teach the humbled, troubled heart
To Jesu's arms to fly.

Still count thy sore afflictions light,
Thine earthly gains but loss,
So thou mayst tell His wondrous love
Who died upon the cross.

Forget not thou the recompense—
Great shall be thy reward—
A crown of victory and life
Eternal with the Lord.

(Published in "The Local Preacher's Magazine,"
December, 1857.)

Truth.

•  ANGEL bright, with wings of light
Speed on thy way;
Nor stay nor rest till east and west
Bow 'neath thy sway.

Till land and sea, embracing thee,
Shall cry, " Rejoice,
For God is near, and glad we hear
Our Maker's voice ! "

Now, beauteous Truth of fadeless youth,
Thy trumpet blow ;
Thy silvery tones shake tyrants' thrones,
And lay them low.

The echoing sounds shall reach the bounds
Of all the earth ;
Th' oppress'd shall rise, and through the skies
Ring songs of mirth.

No jarring string, no hope-clipt wing
Shall waken pain ;
But every soul, heal'd and made whole,
Shall swell the strain.

December, 1857.

Eventide.



'TIS sweet at eventide
To tread the verdant sod,
To watch the rising stars,
And meditate on God.

Then through the dark'ning clouds,
It seems as though a hand
Comes forth, and beckons me
To seek a better land.

Around th' Eternal's throne
No low'ring clouds appear ;
To that all-glorious home
No twilight shades come near.

O ! this is angel's joy,
Their ever-new delight,
The shadows flee away,
And faith is lost in sight.

My Home.



MY home, my own delightful home,
O dear art thou to me !
As to the warbling bird her nest
Within the leafy tree.

More beauty hath not all the state
Of palaces and towers ;
Amid thy pleasures and thy cares,
How fly the peaceful hours.

Ah ! ye may smile, but 'tis a joy
To place each little thing,
Each picture on the wall, just where
The sweetest thoughts 'twill bring.

To find a place for couch or chair,
With eager, childlike zest,
And strive to make the whole appear
Designed for peace and rest.

Our childhood's days have passed away,
And God hath led us here,
No missing foot, no faded form
To wake the starting tear.

Ah, when I look on each lov'd face,
And all the happy past,
It seems as if our lives have been
Too pleasant long to last.

My father's hair is growing grey,
My mother's cheek more pale ;
The grass must wither—ah ! I know
The old heart-rending tale.

But we will trust the gracious God,
Who will no good withhold,
And guard us still in this new home,
As He hath done of old.

On removing to Priory House, February 20th, 1858.

Autumn flowers.



PINE ye for the sun and showers,
Fragile, fading autumn flowers ?
Faint these sadly drooping leaves,
For the summer's gentle breeze ?

Sweetly through this quiet room
Floats your softly-breathed perfume,
Like the words of tenderness,
Dying lips of friends express.

Are ye earthly ? Then 'tis death
Chills you with his icy breath !
List ! from flowery field and dell
Breathes a sad, a faint farewell.

Then farewell, ye fading leaves,
Songs of birds and shady trees,
Gorgeous skies and sunny hours,
Fragrant winds and autumn flowers !

1858.

Dreamland.



'MID the witching hours of night,
Oft I tread with footstep light
Thro' a land of shadowy things,
Echoing strangest whisperings.

There the cold lip breathes again
Many a long-forgotten strain ;
Restless forms glide to and fro,
Scenes of beauty come and go.

Homes of wealth and woe I view,
Many a valorous deed I do ;
Long-lost friends and pleasant songs,
Magic walls and noisy throngs,

Rise and fall 'mid sighs and tears ;
Then the dreamland disappears,
Vanishes like clouds in air,
And I wake scarce knowing where.

1858.

Lines

To a Friend in Scotland who requested me to write
some Verses.

♦

THEY best may sing of birds and flowers
Who with them spend the sunny hours ;
They best may talk of hill and dale
Who dwell in some delightful vale.

When twilight veils your northern sky,
And shadows fall from mountains high ;
When stars in twinkling waters gleam,
While slow ye walk beside the stream.

Ah ! such the time, the place to dream,
To picture things that are not seen
By heaven's own light in shelter'd nook,
To read new thoughts in Nature's book.

O, Muse, sweet Muse, thou dwellest there,
Thou wing'st thy flight on mountain air ;
'Mid mountain torrents' gush and foam
Thou livest, breathest, hast thy home.

Thou hast no place of resting here,
No craggy steeps, no waters near ;
Thou lovest not the crowded ways,
Where scarce a lonely daisy strays.

Ah, no ! Thy haunts are far away,
Where I was wont to laugh and play ;
In childhood there I met with thee,
And thou didst sing sweet songs to me.

Priory House, Oldham,
February, 1860.

To An Aged Christian.



PILGRIM of many years,
Bow'd 'neath life's sorrow,
Where hath thy spirit been,
Sunlight to borrow ?

Standing with sparkling eye
Close to the grave,
What is't upholds thy heart,
Makes thee so brave ?

Founts of joy hid from us
Surely thou knowest ;
Hast thou beheld the land
Whither thou goest ?

Will thy feet tremble not
When thou shalt tread
Through the dark vale of death,
Home to the dead ?

No, thou has cause for joy
Undimm'd by sorrow ;
Brighter than summer days
Dawns thy to-morrow.

O, when I too grow old—
Nigh to the tomb—
Thy blessed hope be mine
Cheering the gloom.

Lines

To Mrs. Kaye on Receiving her Marriage Cards.



THEN you have left your childhood's home,
And bade those walls adieu,
Wherein full many a fond heart throbs
With fervent love for you.

A sister's voice is missing there,
A wonted charm is gone ;
But in another home that charm
Is deem'd the sweetest one.

May every joy of life be yours,
And joys which never end ;
Such is the earnest wish and prayer
Of your still loving friend.

MARY ANNE NOTON.

The Town Garden.



WE say 'tis nought, this tiny spot,
These lonely little flowers ;
And yet they bring sweet thoughts to me
Thro' long bright summer hours.

They speak of childhood's happy days,
Of childhood's dear old home,
Of flowers and green fields far away,
Where I was wont to roam.

Of friends, such friends as none else seem,
The first loved and the best,
Of some, they seem'd dearest then,
Who laid them down to rest.

Ah, yes ! These flowers have pow'r to make
A child of me once more ;
They rouse long-buried memories
That years had trodden o'er.

1860.

The Great Question.



WHY beats this pulse within my veins ?
Why throbs this living heart ?
Why dwell I here 'mid scenes from which
I quickly must depart ?

Have I no purpose to fulfil
In this mysterious state ?
Ah, must I live awhile, then be
As nothing ?—Fearful fate !

It cannot be, and yet methinks
We live as if 'twere so.
If this be seedtime, few with joy
Will reap what now they sow.

In bustling crowds we pass along,
Scarce knowing how or where,
As children on some message sent
Would loiter thro' a fair.

Amusing others, or amused
With gaudy gilded toys,
Till Time his ruthless hands puts forth,
And fancied bliss destroys.

O, not for this we sojourn here,
More earnest work is ours ;
A crown to win—a race to run,
Demanding all our powers.

Priory House, Oldham,
August, 1860.

The Playmate of Our Youth.

WE knew him pure and good,
The playmate of our youth,
While yet his heart was full
Of hope and love and truth.

With fearless eye he looked
On earth so strangely fair ;
What knew he of her paths,
The snarer and the snare ?

They say he sadly changed,
Breathed sin's polluted air ;
Forgot his father's God,
And died in dark despair.

Ah, such the tale of death
That makes one's blood run cold ;
I would that he had died
In those bright days of old.

Hush, thou my heart, be still,
What rebel thoughts are these ?
Have we not all the power
To choose what path we please ?

Ah, yes ; but who shall stand,
When hourly sorely tried ?
O Lord our God be Thou
Our Shield, our Strength, our Guide.

Oldham,
1860.

There Shall Be No More Night.



NO night ! no night ! O, cheering words,
My soul be strong and brave ;
Though evening shadows lengthen now,
There's light beyond the grave.

Tho' now thy couch be wet with tears,
Tho' anguish rend thy breast,
Assuredly on thee shall dawn
The day of endless rest.

No night ! no night ! Impatient heart,
Wait till the Master come ;
When sun and showers have ripened thee
Thou shalt be gathered home.

1861.

Hymn.



MY Lord, my God ! I cannot see
Thy bleeding pierced side ;
But I believe that Thou didst come
To live on earth, and died
A shameful death that I might live
With Thee for evermore.

This I believe with all my heart,
And worship and adore.
O let me kneel and kiss Thy feet,
My risen Lord ! my God !
Then take with cheerful hands my cross,
And tread the thorny road.

About 1861.

Farewell.



FAREWELL, my sister dear,
Tho' far I go from thee,
Thou like a fadeless star
Shall shine upon Life's sea.

Should clouds o'ercast my sky,
And storms beset my way,
Thy memory still shall be
A bright, a cheering ray.

Should prosperous years be mine,
And fortune smile on me,
Thou wilt rejoice, and I
Shall ever think of thee.

Thou art not far away,
Not far, my sister dear ;
Thy spirit goes with me,
I know, I feel thee near.

I see thee in my dreams,
I gaze upon thy face,
And walk and talk with thee
In some accustomed place.

Thy well-remembered tones
Fall sweetly on mine ear ;
I wake and feel thee nigh,
Still nigh, my sister dear.

On board the " Parana," under the Southern Cross,
February, 1863.

In Church.



I SIT in my place in the church, Lizzie,
The air is hot and still ;
I have tried to list to the preacher's words,
But my thoughts must have their will.

And away they go o'er the ocean's foam,
To the home of my childhood's years,
To the home where we shared each other's joys,
And joined in each other's tears.

Like angel visitants come glad thoughts—
Glad thoughts of the coming time
When we hope to meet 'neath the same old roof,
In the sound of the old bells' chime.

In the sound of the same old bells, Lizzie,
That rung on my bridal morn,
When even amid my bridal joys
I thought of the rose's thorn.

Of the turning away from the dear old hearth,
Of the lingering last farewell :
O Lizzie, we are but children still,
That we should thus rebel.

Rebel that ever within our grasp
We cannot have *all* we prize ;
O merciful even when He withholds
Is the Father Great and Wise.

But see, my Lizzie, the Book is closed,
And the people rise to pray ;
O I will pray with a fervent heart
For the lov'd ones far away.

I'll ask that whether our paths on earth
Be sunny or overcast,
The arms of Eternal Love may guard
And gather us in at last.

Buenos Ayres.
1863.

On the Azotea.



UP on the roof—on the high, flat roof—
I sit in the solemn night.
The stars gleam forth, and the town below
Is bathed in their holy light.

No cry of sorrow or care comes here,
No bustle of toil or strife :
The peaceful hours as they float away
Seem part of a better life.

Of a better life than that I spend
In the busy world below,
Where the little cares of the present seem
For ever to come and go.

For ever checking the nobler thoughts
That spring 'mid our grief or mirth,
The thoughts that the angels whisper far
And wide o'er the list'ning earth.

'Tis well that we sometimes steal away
To a quiet spot like this—
To see no smile but the smile of heaven,
Hear nought but the wind's warm kiss.

To sit and think of the fading years,
Of the part we fill in time,
Of the future that lies before us all,
Of the Father—Great—Sublime.

Buenos Ayres,
1864.

“Azotea.” The Spanish name for the flat tiled roof of our first house in Buenos Ayres, to which a stair gave easy access. On the street front there was a deep balustrade which gave complete privacy, and behind this a large garden chair, where we often sat.

R. B.

Two Years Ago.

•

TWO years ago, my Lizzie,
Two years ago
Since first I saw the ocean
Between us flow.

Two years ago, my Lizzie,
Rememberest thou
The anguish of the parting ?
I feel it now.

And 'tis as if some terror
Stops short my breath,
And all my heart-strings quiver
As if in death.

The last embrace is given,
The vessel sails—
Its great upheaving bosom
Thy loss bewails.

The face long loved is fading—
Away—away—
Ah ! who at such a moment—
Who doth not pray ?

Pray with the whole heart's fervour,
That God would bless
Those whom we fold no longer
In our caress.

We know not all our weakness
Till such an hour,
Then do we fall and worship
A mighty Power—

A Power that rules o'er all things,
Sustaining all—
To Whom these present sorrows
Appear but small—

Things of a passing moment,
If but we meet,
When parting scenes are over,
Around His seat.

February 9th, 1865.

Fashion.

♦

AH ! some of us there be
Who fill no place
In Love's bright mission here—
Who leave no trace.

In all the fleeting years,
Who come and go,
Heedless that at our doors
Lie Want and Woe.

Who live in Fashion's smile,
Breathe Fashion's breath,
And deem her frown a curse
More dread than Death.

Albeit they deem themselves
The great and wise,
These are the foolish ones
In Holy Eyes.

In Sorrow's sunless hour
They ne'er are nigh,
Therefore shall no man weep
Whene'er they die.

* * * *

Some Christ-like ones there be
Who walk the earth,
Erect and free as souls
Of heavenly birth.

These bow not down to men
Of high estate,
Nor lick the feet of those
The world calls great.

They love alike all men
Of every grade :
The poor and those whose lot
'Mid wealth is laid.

These noble souls behold
A fellow-man
In every creature placed
'Neath Fashion's ban.

Ah ! these are they who speak
The cheering word,
Where 'tis as some new song
From foreign bird.

These give the hand of love
To Sorrow's child,
They smile on those on whom
Earth hath not smiled.

These are the truly wise
With purpose high
Whom all men weep and mourn
Whene'er they die.

* * * *

Oh ! fritter not away
Life's precious hours,
But worthily employ
Thy God-given powers.

Deign not at Fashion's shrine
To bow the knee,
But dare to do the right
Whate'er it be.

Buenos Ayres.
March, 1865.

These lines were written under strong emotion on being told by a tender-hearted lady friend of the treatment she had received from another lady who thought herself above her in society.

R. B.

A Farewell

To Mrs. Charles Zimmermann, of Buenos Ayres.



FAREWELL, dear friend ! Reluctantly
Do I unclasp thy hand
And linger, though I turn away
To mine own Fatherland.

Twelve moons shall wax, twelve moons shall wane,
Ere once again we meet,
And far and wide, 'mid changing scenes,
Shall rove our wand'ring feet.

A friend, a neighbour thou hast been,
Aye more—a sister dear—
Thou knowest not how much thy love
Hath cheered my sojourn here.

The cordial smile, the ready hand,
Th' responsive soul are thine,
Thy warm affection doth revive
As cheers the heart good wine.

So 'tis not strange that sadly now
I look upon thy face,
And bid my memory skilfully
Each feature there to trace.

Once more farewell—in cloud or storm,
In sunshine or in shade,
I'll pray that He who sends them all
May be thy constant aid.

A shadow that doth flee away
This life appears to me :
What lies before, beyond us all,
I cannot know or see.

But for the pure and lowly ones,
My soul doth know full well
'Tis something grand and glorious
Beyond what tongue can tell.

Again farewell ! Where'er we go
I trust our footsteps tend
Toward that bright Home where parting scenes
For evermore shall end.

Belgrano, Buenos Ayres,
April, 1866.

Spring.



THE trees are full of leaves
That dance in youthful mirth,
Sweet perfumes fill the air,
New flowerets spring to birth ;
The river rolls along,
All sparkling 'neath the sun,
And to the little child
The world seems full of fun.

The birds with joyful songs
Make merry in the grove,
And warble from their nests
Sweet tales of artless love ;
While I with glad consent
Press closer to my breast
The child so lately given,
And hush her to her rest.

O wondrous new-born life !
O joyous, beauteous Spring !
Ye wake the heart to love,
Ye teach the dumb to sing ;
Ye shew dim-seeing eyes
The hand oft-times forgot
That gives us every good,
And giving wearies not.

West Bank, New Brighton.

Our Mother.

THE winter's boisterous storms swept by,
And she outlived them all.
We thought the eyes that saw the leaves
Spring forth would see them fall.

But, lo ! when June's bright roses came,
The sudden call was given,
And in an hour we thought not of
God took her home to Heaven.

How hard the parting, Father, dear,
Thou dost remember well.
How lone thy heart henceforth must feel
We children cannot tell.

But 'tis the Lord who gives and takes -
Our chief companions here :
He doeth well, and to His will
We bow in lowly fear.

A chain to draw us up to Heaven.
Our love for her shall be ;
We little know, yet even now
This wise design can see.

'Tis sad to miss the well-known step,
To see the vacant chair,
To feel a void within the heart
That aches, O everywhere.

'Tis sad, but let us not forget
The comfort God hath given,
The words our Mother spoke of hope,
A better life, and Heaven.

Father above, in sore distress,
To Thee our mother cried,
And in the shadow of the grave
Thou didst with her abide.

Abide with us, and teach us all
To do her Christ-like deeds,
For surely these should be to us
As very precious seeds,

In our lives bringing forth good works
And leading us to God,
So shall we meet where now she lives,
Lord, in Thy blest abode.

West Bank, New Brighton,
August 4th, 1867.

My Mother.



It is the Sabbath, Mother, dear,
The quiet Sabbath day,
When thou wert wont to meditate
And softly read and pray.

Still shines on me thy saint-like face,
So sweet, so pure, so calm,
While echoes from thy life ring out
Like some grand holy psalm.

But thou art high and lifted up
Superior far to me,
I would that thou couldst come again
Like one of us to be.

Like one of us but for an hour,
To fold in our caress,
That we might tell thee all our love
And all thy goodness bless.

But other love than ours is thine,
A greater love by far—
Compared with ours 'tis as the sun
Unto the tiny star.

Thou wilt not leave the fond embrace
Of Everlasting Love
Our far inferior loves and joys
Again with us to prove.

No ! never more will thou return
To be as we are now,
Oft-times beneath the Tempter's power
With faltering step to bow.

No, never more ! It must be ours,
Perchance thro' years of strife,
To struggle on to reach thy goal,
To share thy nobler life.

West Bank, New Brighton,
October 22nd, 1867.

Gone.



GONE from the quiet room,
Where last we heard her pray,
Where last we clasp'd her hand
And smooth'd her tresses grey.

Gone from that other room,
Th' tenantless house of clay,
That lay a little while,
And then was borne away.

Gone from the household ways,
Gone from the busy street,
Hush'd now the cheerful voice,
Still now the active feet.

Again 'tis Christmas time,
And all, all else are here,
But she comes not, her smile
No more our hearts shall cheer.

She comes not, but we go—
Go where the loved have gone
To meet and greet the lost—
Each day we hasten on.

The Priory, Oldham,
Christmas, 1867.

“No hope.”



NO hope ! No hope ! The “ Death-cry ” rings
So strong, so wild, so shrill.
No hope ! Around that gentle heart
Creeps close Death’s icy chill.

No hope for thee—my beautiful,
My only boy, my pride—
No hand in all this world with power
To stem life’s ebbing tide.

O bitter fate ! O cruel death,
For one so fair, so young !
O sweetest harp to be so soon
In discord all unstrung.

With trembling hand now tenderly
The full-orb’d eyes I close,
And gently stretch the weary limbs
For their last long repose.

Smooth once again the silken hair,
And kiss that noble brow,
And for the last time clasp the hand
So cold and clammy now.

O Thou, the only good and wise,
We know not what Thou dost,
And madly rave when Thou dost turn
Thy dust again to dust.

Farewell, my child, no longer mine,
God's precious, priceless loan ;
Father above, O teach me how
To give Thee back Thine own.

Belgrano, Buenos Ayres,
May, 1868,

“The flower of the flock.”



“THE pride of the house,” “The flower of the flock” :
They all said so.

He has gone to brighten the Heaven above ;
But here below

It seems to me that the way is dark
And the lights all gone.
It is not so ; but my eyes are blind
With the light that shone—

The beautiful light that shone from Heaven
Thro’ those dear eyes,
Like the rays that waken the slumb’ring earth
At the bright sunrise.

Far away from this stormy life,
My snow-white dove,
Thou hast sped thy way thro’ the cloudy sky
To the ark above.

Calle Suipacha, Buenos Ayres,
June, 1868.

The Mother's Message.

•

(Hung below Teddy's portrait on the Christening night
of his little brother.)

IF thou art blest as we believe,
My darling boy,
Thy gentle heart responsive throbs
To our new joy.

Thou wilt not grieve that for awhile
We lay aside
Our unforgotten grief for thee—
So long our pride—

To hold a mirthful holiday
O'er this new babe,
Thy *living* picture, in the cot
Where thou wast laid.

Buenos Ayres,
May 19th, 1869.



TEDDY.

Mine, not Thine.

♦

TAKE these children—nurse them for me :

Daily, nightly tend them well ;
But remember when thy bosom
With a mother's pride doth swell,
They are mine—not thine.

Many a tongue will say these children
Are as angels, passing fair :

I have made them in mine image.
Thou wilt love them : but, beware !
They are mine—not thine.

In an hour when death and sorrow
Are alike by thee forgot,
I will come to claim these jewels,
Come by ways thou knowest not.
They are mine—not thine.

Vain shall be the strong endeavour,
Fruitless human care and skill,
Loose them from thy yearning bosom,
They must follow where I will :
They are mine—not thine.

Helpless mother, hush thy murmuring,
It is He—the King of Kings.
Veil thy face and hear the message
Borne upon Death's dreadful wings :
They are mine—not thine.

Buenos Ayres,
September, 1869.

Yearnings.

•

⓪ SWEET the song of the happy bird,
And bright the light of the summer day !
But the song grows sad and the sunlight dim
When I think of my children far away.

I know it was God who took them hence
And folded them to His own warm breast ;
I know it is true what ye say to me—
That my little ones are now with the blest.

But O for the tiny dimpled hands
That once I folded in my caress,
And O for the heads of golden hair
Where now I may hoard but a single tress.

O for the laughter that rippled forth
Like silv'ry rills from a fount of joy,
And O for the wealth of the love that shone
In the sparkling eyes of each darling boy.

Buenos Ayres,
1870.

FAR from my yearning heart they lie—
My little ones—under the dark grey sky;
The night wind mournfully wanders round,
But meets with never an answering sound.

I have left the music and warmth and light,
Stolen out in the darksome night,
Wondering what the cold winds will say
To my little children far away.

1870.

Life.

⓪ LIZZIE dear, how soon
Will end Life's little day ?
The years come hurrying on,
And breathless speed away.

Bright sunshine lights our path,
We dance along the way :
The earth is spread with flowers—
We pluck them, laugh, and play.

Dark clouds encompass us—
The shadows of the grave—
Heart-stricken, down we lie,
Grief madden'd, wildly rave.

Friends gather round the hearth—
They vanish, droop, and die ;
Mirth's laughter echoes loud,
Anon a bitter cry.

And so the years go on—
A changing, shifting scene.
This cannot be the end :
There's something more, I ween.

Blind, helpless, O our God,
We put our trust in Thee—
Our souls shall rest content
Where Thou wouldst have us be
In Thine eternity.

Buenos Ayres,
May 29th, 1871.

My Boy.

MY boy, my beautiful darling,
Where art thou gone from me ?
O could I but find thee, I'd follow
O'er mountain and moor and sea.
No sleep for my heavy eyelids,
No rest for my weary feet,
Would I seek until I had found thee
And heard thy dear heart beat ;
Until I have blest and caress'd thee
With such love as a mother hath,
Until I had carried thee safely
Back to my own life's path.
O why do the best-beloved ones
So soon from our earth depart ?
And why is unheard the sighing
That comes from an aching heart ?
Perchance it is heard—for oft-times,
When softly the night wind blows,
I fancy my boy is speaking,
And his arms around me throws.
Who knoweth if 'tis but dreaming ?
His spirit may come to me—
Strange things there are that we know of,
And stranger things may be.

Buenos Ayres,
October 1st, 1871.

To a Bachelor Friend.

(On seeing his beautiful new house.)



ALACK ! alas ! and a well-a-day !
Most fervently doth thine old friend pray
That a woman all goodness and full of grace
May come to cheer this desolate place.

Then shall the sun shine ever on thee,
No matter what weather outside may be ;
How beautiful every day of thy life
With the one thing needful—a good, young wife.

O for some fairy here to dwell,
To cast round thee and thy house a spell !
To bind thee fast with the chains of love,
As the angels are bound in Heaven above.

O for the music of loving words,
Sweet as the warble of summer birds,
To wake the echoes of this still house,
Where now you might hear a creeping mouse

Buenos Ayres.

Farewell Lines.

(To Mrs. B——.)



AH ! my friend, I cannot tell thee
All that my full heart would say,
But that God may be thy helper
Every day and hour I pray.

God be with thee ! Through the darkness
May His angels guard thy bed ;
On His breast who suffered for thee
Rest, O rest thy weary head.

He, thy Saviour and Deliverer,
He is with thee strong and true ;
May His arms of love enfold thee,
Bear thee safely “ conquering through.”

Vain is human help and comfort,
Christ alone can be thy stay ;
He hath trod the path before thee,
He can guide thee on thy way.

Would that we could suffer for thee,
Suffer somewhat of thy pain !
We can only pray that suffering
Thee may lead to glorious gain.

May we meet where nought shall part us,
Meet where come no darkened hours ;
Meet where earthly griefs shall vanish
In the joy that shall be ours.

Springfield, Kersal,
June, 1876.

Finished.

(On hearing of Mrs. B's death.)

•

'TIS finished ! all the toil and pain,
The anguish and the sorrow ;
Upon the weary eyes no more
Shall break a sad to-morrow.

O softly lay her down to sleep,
The sleep that knows no waking ;
The body dies—the spirit lives—
Why should our hearts be breaking !

That loving heart, so warm and true !
We would not set it beating,
To have it feel again the pain
Of all its vain hopes fleeting.

We would not call her back again
To earthly care and sorrow,
But hope to meet her yet again
Upon a glad to-morrow.

Llandudno,
July 1st, 1876.

Lines

Written after Seeing Miss Graham for the Last Time.
Died January, 1880.



FAREWELL, dear friend, farewell !
The storm is past,
The vessel tempest tost
Is safe at last.

The weary feet may rest,
The race is run ;
Thou mayst lie down in peace,
The prize is won.

Clasped in His fond embrace
Who died for thee,
Thou now art satisfied,
And we may be.

Ay, we may rest content
That all is well ;
Our sad repinings cease,
Our murmurs quell.

For thy pure soul shall dwell
In no Death's night,
But live for evermore
In God's own light.

Springfield, Kersal, Manchester,
January, 1880.

Light in Darkness.



GOD be praised that 'mid the darkness
Resting on our lov'd one's tomb,
We can see the Star of Bethlehem
Shining through the clouds and gloom.

God be praised that not unmeaning
Is this life, though strange it be;
Jesus lived it, died, was buried,
Rose again, that we might see.

Love Divine forever working
Through Earth's dismal toil and strife,
Gently leading hearts aweary
To a higher, nobler life.

Largs, Ayrshire.

To Mr. B.

(He said to me, "There is nothing but trouble and sorrow in this world.")



NO, my friend, 'tis not "all sorrow,"
Not "all trouble," this strange life,
Many blessings still surround you—
Children and a loving wife.

See your home, 'tis crowned with plenty,
"Daily bread" your God hath given;
Not in vain for ease and comfort,
In the past your hands have striven.

Look around—the summer glory
Gladdens sea and hill and sky—
If this world be full of beauty,
What must be *her* home on high?

He Who took away your darling
Hath for her "a place prepared,"
With a Father's love and yearning
Both for her and you hath cared.

Such as yours was once our sorrow,
Such as yours our bitter loss,
But the years have soothed our anguish,
They will lighten, too, your loss.

May the peace of trust unwavering
In our storm-tost spirits dwell;
Rest we in the firm assurance
That "He doeth all things well."

Largs, Ayrshire,
August 7th, 1881.

The Wee House.

•
I KNOW a house—a tiny house—
Where all the rooms are wee,
And strangers passing by may think
There's nothing there to see.

But enter ye that little door,
Ascend the winding stair.
Did e'er ye see a palace kept
With such unwonted care ?

Just where 'tis best for pleasant use
Each chair and table stands,
And everything around is bright
With touch of loving hands.

Like tendrils round these ancient walls
A thousand memories cling ;
“ The touch of vanished hands ” is still
On many a little thing.

Those books ? They are no common books—
Nay, take them not away,
But leave them where the bygone years
Have touch'd them with decay.

Those yellow leaves are sacred now,
For they were turned and read
By dear ones who are lying low
Among the quiet dead.

Those cups ? You cannot buy such cups,
For, stranger, you must know
They tinkled in our grandsire's hands
A hundred years ago.

Those pictures old and faded ? Yes,
And far more precious so,
Because they keep in mind the forms
That vanished long ago.

The steps are worn with little feet,
For oft they patter here,
And those who dwell within these walls
To children's hearts are dear.

Ah, 'tis a wonderful wee house ;
And, stranger, think you not
That he has greater wealth than gold
Who owns so dear a cot ?

Largs, Ayrshire,

August 29th, 1881.

The Brothers Who Grow Not Old.



DO ye think, my merry children,
Of the "Land" that is "far away,"
And the darling little brothers
Who have been there many a day ?

Oft when in the tranquil evening
We gather around the fire,
I think of those who are missing,
Of those who have "gone up higher."

To one as he lay a-dying,
I sang of the Happy Land,
And he and his little brother
Soon met in its angel band.

I lov'd them, these darlings, loved them
With a love that will ne'er grow cold,
And I would that ye too remember
The brothers who grow not old.

Springfield, Kersal,
January 22nd, 1882.

Mother's Birthday.

IS this my birthday, children ?

“ Yes,” merry voices say ;
“ Many returns, dear Mother,
Returns of this glad day.”

I thank you all, my children,
And fain would with you stay
Through many a coming summer
And many a wintry day.

Until my head grow hoary
And white as driven snow ;
Until my feet grow weary
And th' lamp of life burn low.

Ye'll guide my falt'ring footsteps
When down the hill I go,
And cherish her who lov'd you
And nurs'd you long ago.

Then when our God and Father
Shall call me to His home,
Be sure that at Heaven's portal
I'll watch for you to come.

February 21st, 1882,

TO MISS B. M.

August 30th, 1883.

•

FLY, ye lingering clouds, away,
Frown not on this festive day ;
Shine, O sun, o'er hill and dale,
Crown with gold a bridal veil.

Far o'er arching leafy trees
Whisper blessings on the breeze ;
Flowers, your sweetest fragrance shed
Where the bridal feet shall tread.

God be with thee, fair young bride,
With thee whatsoe'er betide ;
May His choicest blessings shower
On thy head their richest dower.

Rosa S.

MOAN, wintry winds, weep, dark'ning skies,
Upon this sad New Year,
For bleeding hearts are breaking now
Beside sweet Rosa's bier.

Death's icy hand hath set his seal
Upon that fair young brow :
The sweetest face for miles around
Is but a memory now.

Ay, but a memory, yet the soul
That made that face so fair
Is living, feeling, loving still,
I know not how nor where.

But living still ! And glorious now
With Heaven's refulgent light,
A spirit cleansed from earthly stain
And robed in purest white.

We must not linger by the grave
Where lies the house of clay,
But look above where she has gone
To realms of endless day.

And when the coming years shall trace
Strange lines on many a brow,
We'll think of Rosa, blest with youth
And beauty changeless now.

Christmas, 1883;

My Husband's Rest.

•

HARKEN ! it comes through the open door,
The sound of that old familiar snore,
And glad am I that my true love's sleep,
Like that of the just, is calm and deep.

No sleep will come to my weary eye,
But sweet to me as I wakeful lie
It is to know that my husband's rest
Will make him wake as with new life blest.

Far and near, o'er the moonlit sea,
Fishers are keeping their watch with me ;
The waves kiss softly the sandy shore,
And still booms on that familiar snore !

Whitby,

August, 1884.

To My Boys,
On their Leaving Home for Uppingham.

♦

GOING away, my darling boys,
Far from a mother's care,
Far from your boyhood's friends and home,
And the voice of your father's prayer.

Will you remember them all, my boys,
With a love that is deep and true ?
Will you treasure their memory well
In the world that is strange and new ?

And when the Tempter's syren voice
Whispers to you of sin,
Think of your Father's earnest prayer,
Think of your Mother's hymn.

Think of Him who is over all,
Sees all from His throne on high,
Who loved you so that for you He sent
His only Son to die.

Strive to live as do those who know
That He is their constant friend,
That He with more than a Mother's love
Will to every prayer attend.

So shall your Heaven above be bright,
So shall your arms be strong—
Strong to fight as the knights of old
Striving to right the wrong.

Springfield,
September 19th, 1886,

Verses for a Wedding Day.

LOVE then hath conquer'd, hath bound thee, young
bride,

With a strong chain hath clasped thee to him by
thy side ;

Ah ! 'tis a viewless chain covered with flowers—

Long may they flourish 'neath Life's sun and showers.

Thou art a captive now, struggle no more,

Days of wild freedom for ever are o'er ;

Yet thy captivity seems one of choice ;

Long in its blessedness mayst thou rejoice.

Ever may buds of Hope bloom at thy feet, -

And every flower of joy spring thee to greet ;

Long may thy young heart be gladsome and gay ;

Ne'er from thy path may the light fade away.

Bob's Birthday.



MANY happy returns of the day,

Dear Bob, my son !

I promised to write you a verse,

And now it's done.

But stay, I will send you two,

Because I know

That the one I have written above

Seems rather slow.

And now it must needs be three,

For I must say

That I hope you will wiser be

Ere comes next May.

May 11th, 1887.

Parting Blessing.

•

GOD be with thee, dear old friend,
Upon the sea ;
Tranquil skies and favouring winds
Go with thee.

Angels, spread your snowy wings
Far, east and west ;
Shelter him, and safely guard
His children's rest.

November, 1887.

My Little Girl.



MY little girl has gone away,
I miss her, miss her every day,
Calmly sitting on my knee,
Grave as any judge could be.

Or with look and thought intent,
On important business bent,
Running here and running there,
Busy, busy everywhere.

“Dolly, you must take a walk,
But, you know, you must not talk;
Very quiet you must be
When you walk abroad with me.”

“O my darling, here’s a sweet—
How I’d like to see you eat!
But you must not make a mess
On your pretty little dress.”

“Does it ache—that tiny head?
Then I’ll lay it down in bed;
Shut your eyes, and go to sleep,
While the house I quiet keep.”

So my girlie used to play,
O, so busily, all the day ;
And I miss her, miss her so—
Mothers, only you can know !

But, instead of figure small,
Lo ! there comes a maiden tall,
Fondly smiling down on me,
Just as when the child was wee.

Springfield, 1888.

Farewell to Largs.

SWIFTLY through the fading day
Speed we on our homeward way,
By the town and sandy shore,
Over many a heath-clad moor.

Past gold fields of wavy corn,
'Twixt high rocks asunder torn ;
Hamlet, woody dell, and stream
Fading like a lovely dream.

Now farewell, " white wings," that spread
Over many a dear one's head ;
Lovely haunt of summer days,
Resting place of sunset rays.

Waters wand'ring from the hills,
Through the streets in rippling rills ;
Mountain, mist, and changing sea,
Ever beautiful to me.

Ancient yard where lie the dead,
Old gates lock'd where none may tread,
Burial place upon the hill,
Where the mourners gather still.

All farewell ! till once again
City-weary we be fain
To refresh our longing eyes
With these waters, hills, and skies !

On the Midland Railway,
August 31st, 1888,

Epitaph on Our Canary.



He perched on my finger, drank from my lips, and flew at his own sweet will through the nursery, which often seemed to be in a very paradise from his ecstatic bursts of song.

LOVING hands have buried here
Our nursery pet, our Dickie dear ;
Tell me, will our birdie rise
To sing again above the skies ?

Or is the love that made him rest
In sweet repose upon my breast,
Gone with the fleeting, quivering breath,
Chilled in the cold embrace of Death ?

1885.

Old Sam.

(A pet dog.)



POOOR old Sam ! His day is done,
His last bark barked, his last race run ;
Old, and frail, and worn, and ill,
Fain would we have kept him still,
For a faithful friend was he—
And not many such there be.

1888.

The Pet Bird.



ENOUGH to eat and enough to sup,
A roomy cage and a well-filled cup;
What could a little bird want more?
Why does he gaze on the long-closed door?

Alas! no lover or friend is nigh,
And broken-hearted your pet will die;*
All alone in that dreary room—
O, my boy, what a cruel doom!

*And it did die;

Answer to a Letter.



MY darling, O my darling !
Thy mother did not write
Because her back had laid her up
(Or down) in sorry plight.

But know'st thou not that every day
And night she thinks of thee,
Though oft-times on the sofa prone
A silent mam she be.

And sweet to her thy loving words
As song of spring-time bird,
When softly through the ancient trees
Its gladsome voice is heard.

The late Emperor of Germany.

William I.

•

ALAS! the appointed years
Of his long life are run,
And nought but vanity
Is all beneath the sun.

Nay, speak not thus, O man,
Beside this noble dead!
Bring here the laurel wreath,
To crown the worthy head.

The contest all is o'er,
And he hath proudly won;
The race was hard and long,
But well and nobly run.

His life shall ever live
In deeds of high renown,
And o'er his Fatherland
His sun shall ne'er go down.

Rome, March 10th, 1888.

THERE to-night I warmly greet
Maidens gentle, good, and sweet ;
May the New Year bring to you
Blessings old and blessings new.

How ye make my old heart beat,
When I see your lightsome feet
Hasting for some kindly deed,
Hurrying to another's need.

When the weary ones come home,
All their hard day's duty done,
Yours the mission, truly blest,
T' woo the troubled heart to rest.

Hands that smooth a careworn brow
Do a noble work, I trow ;
Words of sympathy and love
Fall as balm from Heaven above.

Seems the daily task too mean ?
Truly blest it is, I ween ;
Maiden, He Who for thee bled,
Bow'd to lowly toil His head.

Now, sweet daughters all, farewell !
Do your duty—do it well,
And ye will not, cannot miss
Earth's approval, Heaven's high bliss.

January 12th, 1892.

LORD, give to me some harder task,
Some nobler work to do,
That I may prove my love to Thee,
How deep, how strong, how true.

My child, the heavy, crushing cross,
The crown of thorns was mine ;
Go thou and do the task I set,
So prove My will is thine.

January, 1892.

In Memoriam.

(Mrs. M.)



THE sweet sad eyes are closed in death,
The weary heart is still,
The voice, so full of tears, no more
The listener's ear will thrill.

We will not mourn that God hath given
That gentle spirit rest ;
Of such methinks are all who dwell
Among the glorious blest.

April 5th, 1894.

Birthday Lines.

♦

PURE and sweet be all thy words
As in the spring the song of birds,
Thy hands (respect them) let them be
For kindly deeds forever free.
In dancing run no strength to waste,
But let thy feet for good make haste.



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